Volume LXIII CHICAGO, APRIL 15, 1909 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"Whatsoever Ye Do"

If in thy daily toil thou hast not joy,
Oh study to attain some happier way!
So few life's needs, why languish and grow gray
At tasks which serve thee but for soul's annoy!
If work be play, no questioning alloy
Of "high" or "low" need desecrate thy day:
The roof as gradually rear, the furrows lay,
As carve a statue for a nation's toy!
But make thy moil a ministry of glee—
Of zeal, and mind's delight, and heart's repose,
Obedient to the Voice that lures from sadness.
No slave's mean service Nature asks of thee,
But spirit's blossoming to leaf and rose,
And fragrance making night and day a gladness.

James H. West.

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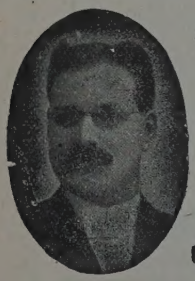

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VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1909 NUMBER 4

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN.

"O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

"Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather, by the which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious and clean.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

"Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colors, and grass.

"Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth.

* * * *

"Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto him, and serve him with great humility."

—Francis of Assisi.
Translation by Matthew Arnold.

"Low standards of admission, coupled with the multiplication of sects and church buildings," are offered by Dr. Pritchett as the causes that have brought into the profession of the ministry a large number of ill-trained men and at the same time brought down the financial recompense of the minister to a very low basis, the basis indeed of the inefficient man.

Over in England they have been more mindful of the centennial of the birth of Edward Fitzgerald, the great translator of the great old Pagan poet, Omar Khayyam, than we in America have been. To Rossetti is given the credit of having discovered Fitzgerald, and to Fitzgerald must be given the credit of discovering, to the English, the Persian poet who believed in making the most of life as it is and found the world at its minimum worth taking.

The *Literary Digest* for April 10 quotes from the *Dublin Leader,* which is disposed to take the Irish brogue seriously. It reflects the uncorrupted speech of Spenser, and if that poet of the far England were to come again, the rural Irishman would be better understood by him than the later day product of the University. Brogue is always antique, sincere, rich in color, reflecting the individuality of the people it represents as well as the speaker. Slang is conscious corruption of speech; it is straining after effect; it is trying to be funny. These either degrade or disgust the taste.

The preacher is still a power, at least in Texas. The campaign of ministers has routed the gamblers at the state legislature and abolished them from the fair grounds and the race track. We would not go to state legislatures for help to suppress the polite gambling on the part of the "nice" ladies on the boulevards at their bridge whist parties, etc., but there is something wrong with the preaching of their pastors if it does not lift the women out of this weak imitation of their more reckless brothers who call gambling by its right name and who play for stakes that to their minds seem worth while; something to pay for the waste of time and damage to their consciences.

The *Literary Digest* for April 10 devotes a page to the pro and con of the proposition now before the New York legislature to open the saloons between the hours of one and eleven o'clock on Sunday afternoons. It names seven or eight prominent ministers of various denominations as favoring the project as a compromise expediency and epitomizes their arguments, while it also with equal ability and impartiality condenses the arguments against it. We find ourselves in sympathy with those who think the "argument to abolish the Sunday law because the police will not enforce it, smacking of anarchy," and we have little hope that to permit the open saloon from one to eleven in any great city would be much of a guarantee that it would stay closed the rest of the day. Believing, as we do, that liquor is not necessary to the social well being either of the individual or the state, that it is always a bad thing, and believing also that Sunday

as a day of rest and quiet and home serenity is a sociological necessity, a human, not a churchly requirement, we see special reasons for closing the saloon on that day. It should be closed as a place of business, as other business houses are closed; as a place of dissipation, which is always deplorable, it should be closed on Sunday at least as the day when it can do most mischief to its patrons and is the greatest encroachment upon the rights of its neighbors.

According to a "Special Dispatch" to the *Chicago Record-Herald* the *Western Christian Advocate,* published in Pittsburg, successfully launched a much needed reform in church manners by publishing an editorial on "The Nuisance of the Big Hat," and we are told that immediately afterward the ministers of the city and state took up the crusade. The papers of the city gave publicity to the agitation, and on Easter morning there was no need for the ministers to make the request. The program at Bellevue Presbyterian Church contained the following among the announcements:

"Ladies and Hats!—Before the sermon, ladies will kindly remove their hats. This may inconvenience you but it will oblige many worshipers who otherwise cannot see the ministers. Elderly ladies wearing small bonnets are exempt from this rule."

The despatch says that every lady, including the elderly ladies, removed their head gear. This is a subject that ought to be treated seriously. First, by virtue of city ordinances and now by the common courtesies of the situation, hats are removed in all respectable theaters. Should the manifest courtesies be less regarded in the church and on Sunday where the architectural provision for *overseeing* hats is still more inadequate? Quite aside from the fact that the present prevailing style of ladies' hats is an offense to taste, economy and utility, it is a manifest intrusion upon the rights of others, and no smiling appeal to the gallantry of others should take the place of good manners, good sense and good piety on the part of the women who frequent the church.

The seductive phrase of "a respectable army and navy for the United States," which seems to find sanction at headquarters at Washington, is a dangerous one. What is the becoming size for an army and navy for the United States? We answer, the one that would represent the pacific nature of our government; the one that would show to all the world that our trust is not in guns but in virtue; that our faith in our neighbors, the civilized powers of the world, is commensurate with our faith in ourselves, in man, in progress, in God. It should be a demonstration of the fact that we mean to play the game of life fairly with everybody and that "our adequate armor is our honest thought." It is time that a voice sounded on the floors of Congress and in the councils of the President that would echo the brave words of Sir Edward Gray recently in the House of Commons. Speaking on the "ruinous increase of war-like expenditures," he said:

"The great countries of Europe are raising enormous revenues and something like one-half of them is being spent on naval and military preparations. You may call it national insurance, that is perfectly true; but it is equally true that one-half of the national revenue of the great countries of Europe is being spent on what are, after all, preparations to kill each other. Surely the extent to which this expenditure has grown really becomes a satire and a reflection upon cilization. Not in our generation, perhaps, but if it goes on at the rate at which it has recently increased, sooner or later, I believe, it will submerge that civilization. The burden already shows itself in national credit—less in our national credit than in the national credit of other nations—but sooner or later, if it goes on at this rate, it must lead to national bankruptcy. Is it to be wondered that the hopes and aspirations of the best men in the leading countries are devoted to trying to find some means of checking it? Surely that is a statement of the case in which, however attached a man may be to what I may call the martial spirit, he may at least see that the whole of Europe is in the presence of a great danger."

"The Brotherhood of Nations" is the theme of a course of Sunday afternoon lectures now in process in Boston, under the auspices of the Free Religious Association. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," is the text placed at the head of the announcement; and that is the truth the lectures are meant to enforce. "During the last generation," says the circular, "the sympathy of religions has been steadily overcoming the old mutual hostility of religions. The problem of our generation is that of the supplanting of the jealousies and antagonisms of peoples by the fraternity and co-operation born of better mutual understanding." The opening lecture was upon "Our Brotherhood with Japan," by Professor Borden P. Bowne of Boston University, whose long general studies of international relations have recently been supplemented by several months' personal experience in the Orient. Rev. James L. Barton, the author of "Daybreak in Turkey," spoke of the remarkable new birth of Turkey and America's part in it; and our relations with Germany, England, and China, the mutual obligations between the United States and those nations and the opportunities for larger co-operative service, were to be discussed respectively by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, secretary of the International Council of Religious Liberals; Mr. Edwin D. Mead, president of the Free Religious Association; and Mr. Edward B. Drew, for many years in the customs service of China. It would be a good thing if lectures upon the Brotherhood of Nations could be given in every city in the country; and it is worth noting that this very Boston course has stirred such interest in New York as has led to the thought of its repetition there next winter.

When President Taft in a recent speech gave further currency to the popular dictum that "ours is necessarily a government by party," he lent the influence of his great name and high position to a most dangerous and pernicious fallacy. That parties do and must exist for the advancement of certain theories

and the promulgation of certain principles deemed essential in reform or administration, goes without saying; but that these parties should or could assume the responsibility of directing the government on all lines, discharging functions in no way related to the special contention that justifies the existence of the party, is an unwarranted assumption, fraught with mischief, and in the nature of things antagonistic to the fundamental principles of democracy. The short history of the United States proves that parties come and go; they have their hearing and in triumph or defeat pass out of existence, and it is the province of high statesmanship, particularly of legislative and executive functionaries, to determine where party lines and party issues terminate and where questions of mere administration and the interests which all parties hold in common begin. Questions of slavery, temperance, woman suffrage, peace and disarmament, tariff, single tax and the problems of the sociologist are issues that call for discussion, organization, leadership, but neither the republican nor the democratic party, so-called, at the present time face any of these issues with any degree of sincerity or candor. And the attempt on the part of the present incumbents in office to give either a "republican" or "democratic" administration in city, state or nation, will bring confusion, dishonesty, and degeneracy. In every high emergency party lines promptly give way and the partisan sneaks out of sight. Lincoln constituted his cabinet of his political foes and rivals, and his great opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, held his hat while he took his oath of office. Taft, following his example, has called at least two alleged democrats into the cabinet. The present confusion at Washington over the tariff bill, at Springfield, Illinois, over an all winter attempt to name a United States senator, and in Chicago the perpetual embarrassment of those who seek an honest council chamber and an efficient administration, by the obtrusion of partisan considerations, all show the malign influence of the partisan spirit, when it projects itself into realms uncovered by convictions and unillumined by inspirations. The Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, after a most strenuous campaign, has come to its post-election congratulations; it has retired a few more "gray wolves" and replaced incompetent aldermen with more promising candidates. But all along the line they had to dodge in and out among the party workers who oftentimes yielded to their demands, not because they wanted a good man, but because they must have a man that could be elected, and who once elected would be under obligations to the machine which elected him. So that the honest voter and the true reformer in city politics found himself often enduring the humiliations of Felix Holt in George Eliot's story, of seeing right principles championed by wrong methods and good men worked for by men of low ideals and for low ends. Judging from last election, independency in local politics is still far away. Every attempt to put a worthy candidate in the field without first recognizing the partisan boss and securing the party label was disappointed. Six or eight years ago, through the efforts of the independent and righteous elements in Chicago politics, its "Billy" Lorimer seemed to have had his day; he was retired for a time from public gaze. Now he seems to be much in demand at Springfield, and Governor Deneen, who helped unhorse him, has been compelled to turn to him for aid and co-operation in his perplexities over the United States senatorship. At Washington all the ante-election promises to the "dear people" seem in danger of being forgotten, the "party forces" forgetting their "principles" in their great interest to preserve their "power" and to conserve their "income," without which the party may fail, but the government will still stand.

Easter Glories

The Great Harvester has been busy these Easter days. F. Marion Crawford, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Madame Modjeska are three great names with which to glorify the Easter triumphs of 1909.

Mr. Crawford was truly an internationalist, an Euro-American. In his veins flowed the best of American blood; he was a kinsman of Julia Ward Howe; his father one of America's noted sculptors. He was born abroad, and on his heart, like that of Browning, Italy was engraved. Much of his life was spent in Rome, but there he was always an "Envoy Extraordinary," a minister plenipotentiary for the democracy and culture for which the United States stands, in its ideals if not in its realization.

The seventy-two years of life given to Swinburne was not a long enough time for him to overcome the distrust, ignorance, or what not, that prevented him from being the peoples' poet. Born an aristocrat, his inspirations were democratic. The competent few have long recognized him as a master of song and have predicted for him a permanent place in English literature and a growing place in the hearts of the cultivated. When a younger man, he once fantastically insisted on bringing his footstool and literally sitting at the feet of Browning at some public function. Perhaps death has brought him release from his modesty, shyness or defiance, and will cause him to stand erect among his peers.

Modjeska might well say, "I have two lives,—the old and the new,—and two countries,—Poland and California." Others more competent will estimate her genius and pay the tribute to the great actress. UNITY will content itself in noting the strange sweet pathos of that mysterious weaving that carried this child of Poland, the dismantled and humiliated, to the far-off sunny climes of southern California in search of freedom, not for herself alone, but for a Polish

colony. It was almost by an accident that her genius broke through into a foreign language in six months, and thus began the great career before the public which never undid the child-like, tender, gentle qualities of her soul. And now Poland, the invincible, unconquerable Poland, the Poland that neither Russia nor Austria can conquer, claims its own. The silent clay, made so precious by the illumination of the spirit that has flown, is on its way to its final resting place in Cracow, where the great University is and where the great history remains.

Novelist, poet, actress, worker, all of them, in the realm that defies geographical boundaries, laugh at caste and despise the limitations of creed and party. Let others divide and dissect; these unite and inspire.

Shaw As a Social Critic

Gradually and against first impression I have become persuaded that Bernard Shaw is one of the most serious men in our generation.

The first thing to be borne in mind is that he is a Socialist—one of those fools or wise men (according to our point of view) who looks for a new heaven and a new earth. His criticisms of life and society are from this standpoint. He wishes to make us uncomfortable. At first he tried to do so from a cart or bandwagon in Hyde Park,—but the comfortably-minded were not generally there. Later he took to writing plays and essays—and is reaching a wider audience.

One play, "Arms and the Man," is a burlesque on war, or rather the romantic idea of war. Another, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," shows how a good woman may be more powerful in tight places than the sword or the law or any kind of force to keep peace and straighten out the snarls of life. Still another, "Widowers' Houses," deals with the problem of "tainted money." "Mrs. Warren's Profession" shows how business enterprise and capital make money off immorality and is a powerful sermon against the social conditions that lead to immorality. In "A Devil's Disciple" Shaw draws the contrast between the conventional bad and the real good and gives an example of the sublime in morality.

In other plays, he satirizes not so much society as half-fledged efforts to reform society. "The Philanderer" is a satire on the so-called "new woman," so far as she is taken up with phrases rather than ideas. In "Man and Superman" there is incidentally a thrust at socialism. "Candida" is, in part, a picture of the shortcomings of a socialist preacher.

Shaw criticizes democracy itself—as at present constituted. He sees demagogues thrive, and lashes them like any conservative. He does not idealize working people or the tramp. Democracy cannot rise above the level of the human material of which its voters are made. The problem is to get better material. He has little hope of progress under present conditions. Read the preface and appendix to "Man and Superman."

Shaw says that for successful democracy, not to say socialism, better human material is needed than is now forthcoming. Man's nature must be changed, there must be a new race.

The idea is not a new one; least of all should it strike a Christian strangely. A re-born, re-generated race is one of the characteristic Christian ideals. The difference is that the Christian faith is mystic, Shaw's naturalistic. He thinks a higher race might come in accordance with known (or partially known) laws of evolution.

The fundamental thing is to have a deep sense of the need of better men—a longing and demand for them; to have this general in the community. Only as the need is felt can Shaw's ideas be properly judged—and not set down as license.

Better men, he urges, can only come with better marriages—for mere education after birth does not, he thinks, avail much. He makes an analysis of marriage, first as a provision for race-continuance, second as an arrangement for congenial life-long companionship. In the first sense it is absolutely necessary, but is it, he asks, in the second? Does the race gain by society's saying that only those should marry who will agree to be life-long companions? Shaw unquestionably is heretical on this point—he thinks that the advent of better men is actually hindered by our present custom. He does not advocate license or "free love," rather saying that marriages such as he would allow should take place "under certain definite public conditions." He really advocates greater strictness than our ordinary conscience finds necessary—for he conceives of union between man and woman in terms of fatherhood and motherhood only and condemns what he calls "licentiousness in marriage."

Shaw's ideas may be compared to Plato's in the "Republic" and has the same surface plausibility. The way to meet it is pragmatically—namely, by showing how it would actually work. Life-long companionship of husband and wife and a home are called for in the interests of children. Would children brought up as public charges equal those brought up in homes? This is the ultimate test. Even granting that occasional "better men" might be born if there were more freedom than at present, would they be actually and practically better without the education of a home? What would genius be without a suitable environment to call it forth? How could you teach brotherhood to those who do not know what "brother" means? Homes are best for the race and we must continue to have them.

Some admit Shaw to be clever, but see nothing religious about him. I have come to the conclusion that he is religious, too.

The deepest thing in the world, according to him, is the will to live. In this he is one with Schopenhauer,

but he differs from Schopenhauer in holding that life is good, not evil.

The "will to live" is not merely our individual will, but that deeper and world-wide will which is the secret spring of all life and all movement. Shaw calls it the Life-Force, or, in religious language, God.

Man, and above all, man's brain, are needed by the Life-Force, else they would not have come to be. Through them the Life-Force attains consciousness and knowledge, and by their aid it steers itself in accomplishing its designs. God is not a person, to Shaw, but a purpose, and the hands and brain of man are the means by which the Divine purpose is realized.

Hence comes the aim of man's life, which is not personal happiness, but doing God's work. Practically, this means fighting poverty and elevating the race. Shaw believes this can be done disinterestedly, without hope of reward. Major Barbara says, "I have got rid of the bribe of heaven; let God's work be done for its own sake."

Shaw sees the two faces of Christianity. One is mean, "the wicked doctrine of docility in poverty and humility under oppression." The other is noble, the doctrine of infinite love and of the vanity of revenge and punishment.

Shaw is even mystical. Here is his dream of heaven: "It is a country where the State is the Church and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshiper, and the worshiper the worshiped: three in one and one in three. It is a Godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three."

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

SWINBURNE.

As when a hush lies on the windswept strings
Of an aeolian harp whose marvel-strains
Have given up dim dreams of gods and things,
Of songs, and sighs, and laughing loves, and pains;—
As when that silence comes, and we look up
And ask ourselves what it is that is gone,
So it is now that he has drained the cup
Of life to its last drop, and journeyed on.

The songs are ended; all the swaying sounds,
The words that flamed in living tint and hue,
The dancing rhymes that whirled their magic rounds!—
The madness of all melody he knew;
It was not words he blent into his lines
For when he wrote of fields and flowers fair,
Forsooth we saw the dew-kissed columbines
And radiant roses proudly nodding there.

Not of today was he—this man who wrought
All cunningly in words until his page
Was an illumined arabesque of thought
Found in some stately, misty, lovely age
That he had patiently brought into form
In a melodic language so intense
That sea and shore, and sunshine and wild storm,
And day and night swept in upon the sense.

As when a hush lies on aeolian strings,
And blossoms do not answer to the breeze,
No grasses whisper softly, no bird sings,
Nor comes the solemn humming of the bees,
But just a sudden silence houses us
Until we mutely wonder what is gone—
So is it now that he who swayed us thus
Has left his sheaf of songs, and journeyed on.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit in the Chicago Evening Post.*

THE PULPIT

The Eternal Christ

AN EASTER SERMON BY JOSEPH NEWTON, MINISTER OF THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world; the same yesterday, today, and forever." Matt. XXVIII: 20. Heb. XIII: 8.

All of us recall how the news came, not long ago, of awful disaster in the East. Sicily is, today, even in its sorrow, the home of glorious legends of love, of war, and of a happy age of gold. To those who know its story the news had an added poignance of pathos, as of sadness in remembered gladness. Memories of the classics rise up before us—gods and goddesses, heroes, lovers in idyllic fields, come to mind and live again with an immortality which the people of a few days ago could only hope for. Sicily recalls at once Theocritus, who sang the songs of simple folk by "the light and laughing sea," and his poems are the most enduring possessions of that storied island, which not flood nor fire can destroy. Here is the frailty of man and the perishability of all things save the beauty of art.

But in the long-echoing words of my text we have something more than a survival of the intangible beauty of art over the impermanence of material things. And the strange thing about these words, incredible as they seem, is that they are true, with a truth ineffable and unutterable and yet so actual as to be undeniable. History makes Jesus real to us as a personality, as visible and tangible as Tactitus or Tiberius, but the record of his years in that short space of time, on that narrow strip of land, is only one chapter of a story yet untold. In imagination one can see Plato moving to and fro in the porch of philosophy, and the young Greeks listening to his sublime discourse. The scene is remote, veiled somewhat in mist, and touched with the glamor of the antique. But it is not so of him who walked and taught in Galilee. One does not think of him as dead or as belonging to the old ages and the things long gone by. In some way, we do not know how, he was not detained on the outer porch of the human soul, but entered—a dear, familiar friend—into its most hidden and sacred chambers. He is a living Presence, walking up and down in the hearts of men, a thousand times more alive than in the days of his flesh.

Nor was the life of Jesus, whereof we read in "the book of white samite, mystical and wonderful," without its remote genealogy. The note of reminiscence recurs like a refrain. About him there hung always the suggestion of a beauty, of a nameless loveliness, which had long been haunting the world. Augustine said truly that the very thing which is now called Christ was among the ancients, nor has it been wanting since the beginning of the race of men. In every age and land one sees fore-gleams of the Christ-spirit in the lives of men full of beauty and mercy—sons of light and pity who were as oases in a desert of human hardness, selfishness and cruelty. Plato and Virgil divined, dimly, the humanity of God out of which the soul of man is born, and longed to see that vague, wistful, melting gentleness take human shape. Isaiah beheld such a figure walking the dreamy ways of phophecy—a majestic and winsome figure, full of grace and truth, scourged and imprisoned, his beauty

marred by the rude way of the world. This it was —this Divine Love which had hovered over man as a holy dream, a flitting vision, an echoing voice—that Jesus incarnated in a form dross-drained and perfect, fulfilling the radiant intimations of the highest minds and satisfying the God-lonesomeness of the race. In him the humanity of God was unveiled as something tangible, something real, something unutterably tender —all of God that could be enshrined in our familiar human shape. The dim became vivid, the awful became lovely, and a new and strange light came upon man in the dark night of time.

Ideas alone, however true and tender, are poor, thin ghosts having little power to stir the human soul. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us. Not until truth is made flesh and dwells among us is its presence a power. Then, as George Eliot has said, it touches us with soft responsive hands, looks at us with sad sincere eyes, and speaks to us in appealing tones. Then it shakes us like a passion, and we are drawn after it with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame. No mere ideal, woven of the dreams of loving romance, could have informed the race with heavenly life amidst the decay of the crumbling classic world. Marcus Aurelius was a saint of the intellect, a lonely, lofty, lovely soul, pure and piteous, pensive and forlorn. But the power that rejuvenated the world did not come from Aurelius with his luminous serenity, in which courage was continual and culture a habit, and his pale stream of philosophic pity. It came from the manger and cross of one whose followers sang songs in the catacombs over which the chariot of Aurelius rumbled.

Renan, in his *Vie de Jesus,* somewhere says that the great achievement of Christ was that he made himself as much beloved after his death as he had been during his lifetime. The marvel was that one who slept in a lone Syrian grave could grasp the future in his nerveless hand and touch, as with a magic wand, the lives of men upon distant shores. He did not see the empty tomb, nor the gracious, inviting figure of one who walked the Roman roads, not as a sweet, pathetic memory, but as a living presence melting the hearts of men. St. Paul never saw Jesus in the flesh, but he saw a face in the sky and heard a voice divinely tender, and the vision sent him, a flaming herald, to the ends of the earth. No matter what acids may be used to dissolve that vision, the life of Paul is a witness to the power of an unseen Christ who left the paths of Judea to become a perpetual and redeeming force in the world. On a spring morning he spoke to a young man of Assisi, and the light arts of his gay life became as ashes upon his lips. To this day the very name of St. Francis is a perfume, as of one who was akin to the birds and the flowers and the wandering brotherhood of the winds. That voice was heard in the thunder of Savonarola; it nerved the arm of Luther; it kindled in Wesley a "strange warming of the heart" which set England on fire. The living Christ, hallowing all the years with his humane and heavenly presence—that is the wonder of history!

All along the great highway his footsteps may be traced, in art, in poetry, in song, and in life. On the Roman roadside by the Domine Quo Vadis, in the hall of the Round Table at Winchester, in the clearing in the woodland where the Merciful Knight drew rein before the crucifix, we follow him. We see him in the life of Thomas a Kempis, in the art of Giotto, in the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, in the gentle soul of Fenelon. He is in Hugo's "Les Miserables," and in the Dickens stories of the love of little children; he gave shape to the marbles of Angelo, and beauty to the stained glass of Burne-Jones; he was men are slow of heart and dull of eyes and know not with Lincoln in the White House. Wherever there has been a note of pity in art, a white flower of the spirit in poetry or in life, a song of hope in the night, a voice pleading for the poor, the lowly and the world-broken, a champion of those who fail, there, somehow, under some form, was Christ, or the soul of Christ. Balzac tells of "The Christ of Flanders," piloting a boat over an angry sea, out of storm into calm. Fiona McLeod sees a Fisher haunting the invisible and shadowy stream of human tears, in quest of those who are overwhelmed in the waters of grief. In the Querioz story of "The Sweet Miracle" we feel the pathos of pain, and hear an echo of the divine love for a little child who knows not why it suffers. Ever the mystic spinner plies his shuttle; ever and forever the weaver of hope sends his rainbows adrift across the hearts of men. Again and again he returns, a vision and a voice, to such as have eyes to see and ears to hear.

But these fleeting glimpses of him in the mirror of literature and song do not reflect his quiet and deep influence upon the human spirit in its fellowships, its aspirations, and its activities. Of all forces that restrain the brute in man, that quicken the heart-beats of his better self, that elevate and glorify his thought, he has been at once the most powerful and the most gentle. He has touched all the ages since his advent, penetrating them with a purer, loftier spirit—a great compassion softening an immemorial hardness of heart, a divine charity enveloping all from the highest to the lowest, a deep and delicate justice which is one with mercy, and a hope for the race that knows no defeat. Music, now almost infinite in its extent and sweetness, has been largely inspired by him who was present when the Covenanters sang their psalms in the wilder- when the Covenantors sang their psalms in the wilder- ness. Artists toil over landscapes and marbles, not seeing, perhaps, the white hand that withdrew from art the low, the bloody, and the cruel. All the amenities of life, its sweet modesties, its gracious courtesies, its home-love, rich, warm and spiritual, have felt the touch of the refined Christ. No one can follow all his footsteps or tell in what ways he has wrought upon the inner life of the race, evoking the God-spirit in man, and making beauty and pity to prevail among men. This is the fact of the living Christ, a miracle more amazing than any recorded of him while he journeyed in loneliness, in weakness, and in sorrow long ago.

To Oscar Wilde there was something incredible in the idea of a young Galilean peasant imagining that he could bear upon his shoulders the burden of the world—the sins of Nero, of Cæsar Borgia, of him who was Emperor of Rome and Priest of the sun; the sufferings of those whose name is legion; slaves, thieves, outcasts, people in prison, and the dumb dwellers of the abyss whose silence is heard only of God. But when he himself fell into the depth of shame, and found himself an exile from man and the sweet sunlight, in a prison cell, he learned that the incredible thing was true; that the living Christ can heal the deep hurt of the heart and cleanse the soul of sin; so that at this present moment, in this far off age and land, all who come in contact with him, in some way find that the horror of their sin is taken away and the beauty of their sorrow is revealed. Many bear witness, in songs of praise, in hearts made white, to this ineffable fact. In his serene and radiant pres-

ence buds of virtue open, seemingly of themselves, the dead of soul arise, and old, world-weary men feel the stir of a new joy amid the dry leaves of long dead hopes. The old woe and the old despair fall away at his touch, and men begin life anew in the faith that they are sons of God, heirs of a high heredity, and citizens of the kingdom of heaven. This is the new birth—the birth of faith, of love, of hope, in the hearts of men bowed low by the weight of sin, the heavy load of sorrow, and the enternal mystery of death.

Nor must we forget that vast multitude who in meekness and loyalty follow the foot-prints of the Master over the hills and valleys of the years, as their fathers followed him before them. They are the sands of the sea, but the world does not know them. To them Christ is a sheltering rock in a weary land, a way-side spring, a companion and a friend, a teacher of faith and a saviour of the soul, and their last low whispers are mingled with his name. To them his voice is music, his words are the philosophy of life, and his story is the one everlasting romance in a prosaic old world. They cannot think of him without thinking of God instead; and when they think of God and wonder what is in his heart, it always comes around to their trying to conceive of Jesus infinitely enlarged in every way. When that vision is before them they can hear the splash of great soft tears falling from the kind heavens, and they know, for a brief time, that at the heart of things there is an infinite pity. To him they owe their souls, their peace in the midst of peril, what faith they have for today and hope for the morrow. By him they are led to hope that in a fair, far time sorrow and sin shall cease, and the soul of man shall be pure and free.

Many men of our age are like those young Romans in the days of Marcus Aurelius, who did not know that Jesus still lived; like Vinicius and Marius the epicurean. His voice sounds strange over years of change, faint and far off. They read the story of his life with a mingled sense of wonder and regret, as a tale full of beauty and pity, but too fair and frail ever to have been true—a romance of idealism, woven of all the musings of the mystics. Looking out upon the rough world, that legend of pity seems as vain as all the vain things proclaimed of Solomon. There it is—the tragedy of one dying for untold myriads who reject, and will reject, the grace of his sacrifice, and for other myriads who, mistaking the meaning of it all, have made this earth, at times, a hell in his sweet name. But that is only seeming, like a dream that is hard to recall when the kindly sunlight has come. The living Christ moves to and fro among us, altogether lovely, but none the less dynamic and real, an invisible world-power making for the higher human life. Amid the thin fancies of sceptical minds he stands out vividly and persuasively, shaping even the literature of doubt. Men may deny him, may fight against him, but they can in no wise escape the Angel of our better nature whose mild persistence is at once a rebuke and an invitation to the souls of us. His spirit is as pervasive as the sunlight, as penetrating as the atmosphere, and never were there so many forces marching under his banner.

Evermore that figure goes marching on, though men are slow of heart and dull of eyes and know not who it is that walks with them along the way. Led by him, we are slowing learning that God is everywhere, seeing all, hearing all, loving all, and forgetting none—a God whose character is boundless benevolence, whose mercy is as abundant as the sunlight and as impartial as the air that belts the earth. Subtle bonds of sympathy and friendship stretch out from us, and to us, all around the world—bonds woven by him; a larger brotherhood, a broader tolerance, and a keener divination of the good that is in man. He is in the life of us all, whether we know it or not, and he will be a legacy to our descendants, with whatsoever else of the good and the beautiful we may bequeath to them, in the very fibre of their tendency to all the piteous, passionate, and pathetic life that shall flourish upon the earth when we have fallen into dust. The impetus given by him to the latent nobilities of the race shall never end, and the men of the times to come will inevitably realize some of the beauty of the dreams we all have dreamed. Here is the mission and message of the church—to make the living Christ eloquent to men—and by this sign it will conquer.

Nature, we know, is inevitable in her laws, in her movements, in her high manner. The tides ebb and flow and no one can stay them, or hasten them. Season follows season, day follows day, with no break in the immemorial sequence. The sun rises and sets, and the evening star climbs up the sky, and no army can detain them. Over field and factory, over palace and hut, spring pours its flood of light and beauty and mystery. It melts the snow and wakes up the seeds sleeping in the earth; it enters into the blood and bone of living beings, giving life and joy. All nature responds to the magic of its noiseless touch, and to the might of its gentleness. There is something like that in the Christ-spirit. He sways men, even in their innermost thought, by a kind of gentle and beautiful fatalism. His influence is as inevitable as the flow of the tides and the march of the stars. He is irresistible because he is gentle.

The victory of Christ is inevitable. He will yet have his way with this hard old world. Slavery was against the God-spirit in man, and slavery had to go. Many another hoary injustice, entrenched and apparently impregnable, will follow the same path into oblivion. Ultimately every tyranny will fall, every bastile will crumble. One spirit commands the scene and explains it—the spirit of the eternal Christ. In the great seething, stinking foundry of the world a bell is somehow being cast that shall ring his praise alone.

A FACE.

Threescore years and ten immortal soul hath wrought
Upon a mortal face,
With implements too delicate for human eye
And deathless patience only master spirits know.
When rainbows arched the sky or deep the shadows fell,
The tireless soul etched on—
In faint or bolder strokes that grace and humor blent
With stronger lines deep-cut by firm courageous will.
With adoration deep and faith the spirit wrought,
With hope and love whose touch
Such high transfiguration brings that half it seemed
An angel's hand its fair illumination lent
And oft the soul did use the sharpened points of pain
To tone the curves of joy,
Or tender lines of pity drew whose softness gave
The warmth of shadows blue o'er mountains cold and gray.
And reverent wonder left its tracery of awe
Upon the mobile face,
Where shone the rapture light of holy vigils kept
Against the evil powers that pitch their camps within.
So wrought the yearning soul with powers invisible,
With aspiration high,
With purity and truth, until its masterpiece
Was done and mete for judgment halls of life and death.
Oh, soul of mine! when I behold how victory crowns
A face with glory's ray,
Shall not my very pulses cry, oh, soul repeat;
Repeat in me this radiant miracle in clay!

—*Ellen Burns Sherman.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Summer Books

The American for March gives me a lot of pleasure. It has the best story published during the month, or for many months,—"The God-lonesome Man," by Mrs. Harris. Every reader of UNITY should read this story, because it is right up to date in liberal theology. That woman has been through the orthodox mill, and has lived it down. It is not a superficial affair at all with her, but she knows the whole history of it. The story will do more good than a session of our Congress of Religion; and that is saying a good deal.

From the Outing Company I am in receipt of one of the Lincoln books, "Why We Love Lincoln," by James Creelman. There is nothing remarkable about this book only that it is a warm hearted and judicious discussion of Lincoln's character, very good to put in young peoples' libraries.

From the same firm I have "Aline, Of The Grand Woods"; a story of Louisiana, by Neil G. Henshaw. I have read this book with the most absolute satisfaction and pleasure. In literary style, in dramatic action, in narrative life, it comes up to the very highest rank. Its characters are every one distinct, and at the same time admirably wrought. I do not know when I have laid down a book with so much satisfaction over the contents and so much regret at having finished the perusal. Mr. Henshaw is a master in handling his characters; and what is more, there are at least a dozen in this volume of original and strongly outlined men and women. There is not a hackneyed line or thought. It brings in a good deal of history, but better yet, I do not believe that there is a single book in existence that gives us a better portrayal of Southern life, especially Southern life in Louisiana.

Outing has been making remarkable progress during the last few years, but under its new management is striding still farther ahead, to become without competition the best outdoor magazine in America. It is becoming more practical and more useful to the country home maker. With all the rest it is proposing to help in the new move for preserving our national property and advance internal improvements.

The Outing Publishing Co. has just placed on my table the best poultry book I ever saw. It is common sense for common folk; not too specialized, but just right to help a farmer or a gardener or a small country home maker, to add a little to his income. With eggs at twenty-five to forty-five cents a dozen, every one who owns a lot outside of the city should have enough for his own use and a few to sell. I have only one thing to add, and that is, let the author come down here in Florida, and see how our hens pick bugs and eat grass all winter, and lay as many eggs in January as in June. This is the great hen country.

E. P. POWELL.

Heroes of Israel, by Theodore Gerald Soares. The University of Chicago Press, 1909; postpaid, $1.00.

This is another of the Constructive Bible Study Series, and is designed for the elementary division of the Sunday-school. It is a text book of the hero stories with notes and questions for young students. The series is designed for one year of Sunday-school work, forty lessons, and is a study of the Old Testament heroes from Abraham to Daniel. The lesson story is told in modern English, with Bible references, and appended notes. The book is well supplied with illustrations, maps, and suggestions for teaching. Because of the peculiar value of these Old Testament biographies for teaching children, and because of the admirable way in which this material is presented in this book, so simply that every Sunday-school teacher can make use of it, the book should find a place in many Sunday-schools, which have not yet been able to adopt a completely graded system of lessons.

H. F. BURNS.

The National League of Unitarian Laymen

A CALL.

In accordance with the action taken by the American Unitarian Association, at its last meeting, the committee appointed by President Eliot to take up the work of the organization of the National League of Unitarian Laymen has been actively engaged in the effort to ascertain the sentiment existing among our churches in reference to the proposed movement. An attempt has been made to arouse interest in such a national organization and to secure the formation of men's clubs in the local churches, where they do not already exist, to the end that all may become affiliated in a National League.

Early in December, a circular was sent out to each church, calling for a statement of its condition as to the existence of a men's club and asking for its support of the proposed movement. The responses received were on the whole encouraging, showing a widespread interest in the plan for a National League. It was found that many of the churches already had well-organized men's clubs and that many others either were on the point of perfecting plans for such clubs, or recognized the desirability of having them. In short, the reception of the scheme was so general that the Committee felt justified in going ahead, and they have asked for an assignment of a place on the program of Anniversary week for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

New circulars have been issued, asking for the sending of a delegate from each club to the organization meeting, which is to be held on Tuesday morning, May 25, at Channing Hall, Boston. If, for any reason, these circulars have not been received by the proper representative of any club, it is hoped that action will be taken by it, nevertheless, for representation at this first meeting.

The time is now ripe for the launching of the proposed movement. The missionary spirit in our churches was never stronger than at the present moment, and the laymen can render valuable aid in this direction. The general purpose of the organization will be to promote greater interest in denominational affairs and thereby to strengthen denominational loyalty; to bring the men of the denomination into closer acquaintance, co-operation and fellowship, and by their combined effort to extend the activities of the church into a broader field through the advancement of the social, civic, moral and religious interests of humanity.

Men's clubs have sprung up in the different churches as the natural growth of a desire on the part of the men connected with a progressive Society to do something for themselves and others. The same spirt which brought about the organization of the various branches

of the Woman's Alliance into a National Alliance is manifesting itself among the men of our connection in the effort to confederate into a National League.

Every active Unitarian layman should be interested in this movement. Properly organized and properly conducted, its success will mean untold benefit to our cause.

The Minister's Salary

The discussion of the inadequacy of ministers' salaries which is going on in many of the religious papers following Prof. Christie's article on the Decline of the Ministry has been interesting. The letter from "A Minister's Wife" in a recent issue of the *Register* and this from "A Western Minister" in the February 4 issue, present a phase of the question which is deemed very practical. Yet, in my opinion, these friends are missing the real issue,—are discussing matters which will adjust themselves once the real issue is recognized. What is the real issue? It is faith and belief:—faith, living faith in God, the Overruling Goodness, the Infinite Justice and Wisdom and Love, whose absolutely just laws govern in every affair of life; and belief, real belief in ourselves as instruments for service in God's hands.

When a man and a woman, a husband and wife, have found that living faith; when they *know* that the laws of the Eternal Goodness govern here and now; when they know that there is just one rule of life that applies everywhere,—"Seek righteousness first"; when they have gone deep enough in their thinking to discover that no questions of expediency or policy need ever be considered, that every question may be reduced to the simple proposition, "This is right, I must do it"; when they have found such a living, vital faith in God that they are sure, absolutely sure, that nothing but good can come to them while they are faithfully trying to obey God's commands, as spoken to them through their own consciences;—when they have gotten this true, vital, living faith in God, and, with it, hold a belief in themselves,—a belief that they are instruments in God's hands to lead men to accept this great faith and to seek righteousness first; then,—O brothers, sisters, is there any room in hearts filled with such faith and trust and belief for any fear, of any kind?

All of this concern about salary and where-with-all to feed and clothe and educate and entertain and keep up appearances is born of base and ignoble fear and lack of faith. If there is an Omnipotent Righteousness governing this universe,—as preachers and their wives all profess to believe; if that Omnipotent Righteousness speaks to a man through his conscience,—as preachers and their wives profess to believe; then it must follow that a man and a woman who faithfully try to obey conscience cannot come to harm. It is unthinkable, to my mind, that the Infinite Wisdom and Justice and Love, the Omnipotent Righteousness, has so constituted this universe that harm can come to me when I do my best to hear and understand and obey the divine commands as they are spoken to me through my own conscience. My one concern in this world is to try to do right. And if I do the work my hand finds to do as faithfully and well as I may, then, just as sure as Omnipotent Righteousness governs, the rewards, the material things needful to me, will come to me.

O men and women, you preachers and wives of preachers, get a real, living faith in God into your hearts,—and a real belief in yourselves as children of God. Most of you think you believe that Jesus was especially commissioned by God to teach the laws of life. Jesus said, "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And *you* are concerned about the things. You do not really believe in God. You do not really believe in yourselves as anything but animals. You are children of God. You are divine. The great souls of this world have trusted God and feared nothing. They have taken the equipment God gave them; have done their work bravely and well; and never have they wanted for *things*. God's laws govern here and now, in every minutest affair of our lives. We, you and I, can be great souls. We can recognize our own divinity. We can do our work bravely. We can trust God, and fear nothing. EDWIN G. BROWN.

Presque Isle, Maine, February 6. 1909.

AN EASTER SONG.

Arise, my heart and sing thy Easter song!
To the anthem of returning bird,
And sweetening bud, and green, ascending blade,
Add thou thy word.
Long was the Winter and the waiting long;
Heart, there were hours, indeed thou wert afraid—
So long the Spring delayed.

Shut in the Winter's alabaster tomb,
So white and still the sleeping Summer lay
That dead she seemed;
And none might know how in her magic side
Slept the young Spring, and moved, and smiled, and dreamed.
Behold, she wakes again, and open-eyed,
Gazes in wonder 'round the leafy room
At the young flowers. Upon this Easter Day
Awaken, too, my heart, open thine eyes
And from thy seeming death thou too arise.

Arise, my heart; yea, go thou forth and sing!
Join thou thy voice to all this music sweet
Of crowding leaf and busy, building wing,
And falling showers;
The murmur soft of little lives new-born,
The armies of the grass, the million feet
Of marching flowers.

How sweetly blows the Resurrection horn
Across the meadows, over the far hills!
In the soul's garden a new sweetness stirs,
And the heart fills,
And in and out the mind flow the soft airs.
Arise, my heart, and sing this Easter morn;
In the year's resurrection do thy part—
Arise, my heart! —*Richard Le Gallienne.*

A Street Picture

The *Tribune* thanks one of its correspondents for the following vivid picture from the endless drama of our city streets:

From my office window I have just noticed a ludicrous, yet pathetic, incident. A man, evidently a newly arrived Italian emigrant, was going north from the Twelfth street station on Michigan avenue. He saw Logan's monument, and evidently taking it for a Crusader of old, Garibaldi, or perhaps Chicago's patron saint, he climbed the little hill to the base of the statue, where he took off his hat, reverently crossing himself, and knelt in prayer for some ten minutes, when he arose and, after standing uncovered in the wind for a few minutes longer, he went on his way. Let's hope it brings him luck.

Let's hope it brings him luck, say we. Let's hope he and such as he will always find in America that land of equal opportunities, of justice and security and growth it has proved for millions who have come before him.

The irony, the pathos, and the simple hope of our common lot are in this little drama of the stranger in a strange land. And the destiny of the republic is in the stuff of which this man is made.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Show the soul of man, as summer shows the swallow,
The way at last.
MON.—Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives.
TUES.—Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.
WED.—For no sect elect
Is the soul's wine poured
And her table decked.
THURS.—Seas, lands, and hours, can these divide
Love from love's service, side from side,
Though no sound pass, nor breath be heard
Of one good word?
FRI.—Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not stay,
Even thought, that fire nor iron can affright,
SAT.—Though the many lights dwindle to one light;
There is help if the heaven has one.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

CRADLE SONG.

Baby, baby wise,
Love's divine surmise
Lights your constant eyes.

Day and night and day
One mute word would they,
As the soul saith, say.

Trouble comes and goes;
Wonder ebbs and flows;
Love remains and glows.

As the fledgeling dove
Feels the breast above,
So your heart feels love.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

George T. Angell—The Helper of the Helpless

"Nothing counts you, nothing helps you,
When you leave the sun,
But the love that you have given,
And the love you've won."

These words have gone ringing past me all day; it is Mr. Angell's burial day. The ringing drowns the tolling, to my ear. Sorrow itself rises into exaltation, and our thankfulness for such a life as his, at first muffles our sense of what the loss of it will mean.

It is the essence of love to give where it cannot receive, and he who devoted his long, brave years to those who could not return his devotion, who could not even know that he lavished it upon them, chose well. He thought only of the love that could be "given" to the most friendless beings on the earth, and it did not trouble or dishearten him that he spent himself in the service of those from whom love could scarcely be "won" again.

Our sad world does not often see a more inspiring and uplifting sight than the funeral of this man. When have we met such a scene before? All over the state dumb things that never saw his face wore the badge of grief and loss in his behalf. Patient creatures that never heard his name, nor guessed the half of the ills from which he shielded them, splashed through the melting snow of that March day to offer him tribute at the end. When these unconscious mourners drew in rank for him to pass between them, on his last ride from the city where he had labored, to the city where he will rest, there was such a grip at the heart as few public funerals can cause. I would rather have such a burial as his than the final homage paid to the great figures of public life, or the red wraiths of military glory. I would rather have done his life's work than to achieve any literary fame.

There are always plenty of people to serve *people*, there are, alas, few to serve dumb creatures. The fashionable philanthropies center about the human sufferers—and every one of them is needed, heaven knows—but these unfashionable, uphill, hard struggles to reduce the miseries of animal life because it is the most helpless form of life, deserve to be ranked among the histories of which the world is not worthy.

Mr. Angell saw his work "steadily, and saw it whole." That one thing he chose to do and he did it to the end. One of the last interviews that I had with him was for the purpose of inventing some plan—and I hope it may be carried out—to reduce the sufferings of express horses. He was as eager and alert about it as if he had been at the beginning and not the end of his compassionate, busy life. He had toiled as hard as any work-horse at his funeral, to help those who "could not help themselves."

On the very last time that I saw him—it was at his hotel, and we met in the lobby as he passed feebly through—he stopped me and said: "I may never see you again." One who stood beside me thinks that he said: "I shall never see you again,"—but I cannot be sure. He referred to his darkening eyesight, of which he spoke with a kind of brave despair. But the words were truer than he meant, and I have been glad when I recalled them, that he who had lifted so many loads and eased so much pain, was not asked to endure that supreme infliction. He rests in the honor of the merciful.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward in Our Dumb Animals.*

No flags, half-masted, droop to mark his roaming;
No beat of drums—no martial bugles blow;
No thundering guns shall speed the brave soul's homing;
No sob of music—tremulous and low.
But what a song would hush him through the gloaming
If brutes could know.

And there would be no shrouded banners streaming,
When he goes by no troops shall line the way.
No clank of arms at rest—no sword blades gleaming
May do him honor on his funeral day.
But what a prayer would stir him in his dreaming
If brutes could pray.

—*Edgar L. Robbins.*

Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish mind;
And lead still further on such as thy Kingdom seek.

—*Theodore Parker.*

IN TIME OF MOURNING.

"Return" we dare not as we fain
Would cry from hearts that yearn:
Love dares not bid our dead again
Return.

O hearts that strain and burn
As fires fast-fettered burn and strain!
Bow down, be still, and learn.

The heart that healed all hearts of pain
No funeral rites inurn:
Its echoes, while the stars remain,
Return.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

FORESTRY EDUCATION IN CHINA.—Conservation (formerly Forestry and Irrigation), is a growingly attractive magazine. Under its new name, which dates from the inauguration of the general movement for the conservation of our national resources, it is, as before, the official organ of the American Forestry Association, but has enlarged its scope and contains a large amount of material of vital interest to all who seek to understand the real sources of our common wealth: "Forests, waters, soils and minerals." While primarily concerned with American problems, it draws apt illustrative material from the experience of other lands, its aim being pre-eminently one of popular education.

The current issue of the *Advocate of Peace* tell of Chinese awakening and activity in the construction of a navy, and laments the pernicious influence of European and American example in this regard. Let us be thankful that at least there are better things for her also to copy. That she is alert in such directions also is evidenced by this extract from the April issue of *Conservation*:

"China, often called the cost backward of nations in the care of natural resources, is to be the scene of a vigorous campaign in the interest of the forests, according to plans for a series of meetings which will be held under the auspices of Boone College, Wuchang, China, at Hangkhow, Wuchang, and Hangyang. Later there will be meetings in all the large cities and important ports both on the coast and in the interior. Mr. Howard Richards, Jr., the representative in this country of the Chinese college, has been collecting material for these courses, and has just started for China. Several of the photographs showing the effect of deforestation in China, which accompanied the President's last annual message to Congress, form part of a set of stereopticon views which will be used in illustrating these lectures.

"China has probably taken less care of her forests than any other nation of the earth, and this movement to awaken in its people a realization of the importance of the forest comes at an opportune time. Many parts of China are practically desert wastes as a direct result of the destruction of its trees. On account of the erosion which has followed the removal of trees from the slopes, farmers are compelled to terrace their hillsides, in order to hold enough soil in place for farming, and to build little walls across the valleys to catch the silt which the annual floods deposit. Two centuries ago many regions of China which are now barren were paying revenue to their owners. Now the wood supply is so scarce that little poles are used for building houses, and roots and saplings are burned as fuel.

"Over 300 Chinese students from eleven provinces are being educated in Boone College for the uplift of their country, and it is expected by those in charge of the proposed course of lectures that a movement started there will in time spread throughout the empire."

Conservation is the kind of a magazine to interest live boys and girls who love the outdoor world. The current number has a particularly artistic cover and is, as usual, beautifully illustrated. Annual membership in the American Forestry Association costs but $2.00 a year and includes subscription to this beautiful magazine. There ought to be many all over the land glad to enroll themselves in the Conservation band and make this a growing and permanent popular movement. M. E. H.

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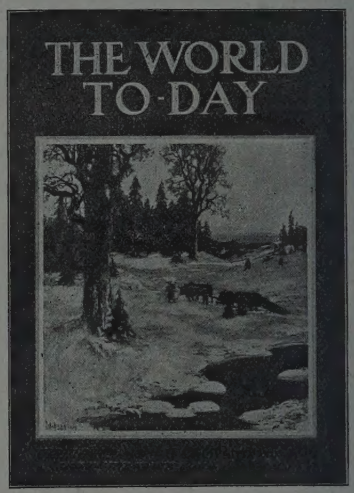

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